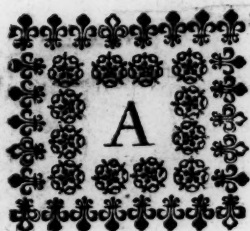




On the most
TRIUMPHANT CEREMONY
Of his Most
Sacred Maiesties Coronation,
CHARLES II.



S once, in fair Minerva's shield, the name
Inserted, kept, loofn'd, dissolv'd the Frame.
So under yours (Dread Sir) I stand, or fall,
Courting your favour, or my Funerall:
Crept near your Crown, t'avoide the Readers curse,
Like beggers change, wrapt in a golden purse:

And this I dar'd; since he who deepest dives,
May curse his Grammer, for superlatives:

Great as our souls, not as your merits were,
Were our first joyes, when first you did appear;
And like the first dayes Sun, began your course
With a bright World, and Chaos's divorce.

Each then wisht quils from Noahs dove to shew
Our blood-dround World, her Olive branch a new:

(For Harvey's circulation had been true,
And men had Islands been, and floated too;)

Each wisht his Muse, like Joves great sacred brain,
Teeming *Minerva's*, then in every vein.

The state (new Christ'ned Kingdome, when your oars
Landed you,) counted Indies on her shoars:

Or else (for t'was so chang'd) could it have swom,
Sure the Land travell'd, and you staid at home.

Iustly nick nam'd by all, a Popish age,
That sent our Kings themselves in Pilgrimage.

And if that Infant Mirth, whose crutch and chair
Scarce stood a high-lone, between hope and fear
Ventur'd so far, that scarcely wak't, they run,
And Persians like ador'd their rising Sun;
Where shall our souls find vent? or where shall wee
Be *Metamorphos'd* to an extasie?

Whose hanging sleeves of Mirth, are lately growne
Such robes, wee scarce believe, they are our owne.

Were but the great Egyptian Queen alive
Who vow'd (that should the Emperour survive)

A rigid rape upon her tender bier,
To solemnize her Love, as conquerour
Her passions here, surely would not demurre,
But very joy, would turn her murderer.

Hoop, hoop the Kingdome, or I fear t'will burst:
All Worlds strein court'sie, which shall see him first.

The hungry Cities maw, (whose throat is ramm'd
As *Craffus*'s with gold,) now so well cramm'd,

Surely will fatten, and may learn from hence
Among their pounds, to pay their *Cesar's* pence.

I wonder not, in stead of painted glasse,
Each window now presents a painted face.

For such the glory was, nature sent all
To make this City, seem but one Guilt-Hall:

Or else (there were so many) wee might think,

'Twas *Noah's* Ark, and all the World were in,

The streets were pay'd with fire, when *MONCK* came in,

But when you're Crown'd, (Dread Sir) with armed men.

Your Subjects were a worthy fight, but you

As, to be seen, were to be rev'renc'd too:

And one might learn, by ev'ry weeping stone

(As *Hercules* by's Pillars:) you were gone.

Here jealous *Iuno* might have kept her cove,

Had shee had half those eyes that wait on you:

Or should your grace demande our fight as spies,

Instead of Ermine you might wear our eyes:

Each street so fill'd, that like the Trojan Horse,

It swallow'd men, but yet without a curse.

The embroid'red gentry, well present the show,

At each ones back, of Pater-noster-rowe.

(Nay I may well allowe that for their back,

For each steeds tail outvyes a pedlers pack.

About their hats, the prating wind presumes

To act a part, and whistles in their plumes:

Their Horses (natures pride,) so stately grown,

They walk, yet scorne the ground, they walk upon:

Prance at the switches Musick, and can show

Men may sit still, and yet be dancing too:

On either side, the streets were so well lin'd,

With valiant foot, that sure the World combin'd

To save you harmlesse, and had set them there,

In your defence, full of Religious fear.

Some valiant that they'd change, had all their breaths

Hippolitus his lifes, for *Martyres* deaths:

Some young sprung warriours, yet strut up, and down,

Like new shell'd lapwings with a feather'd Crown.

All serve, as their conditions owe, to honour you,
 Paying (great Sir) ~~your~~ homage, not your due,
 A Princes Crown fits Regent over wit,
 Nor Lines, nor Language can Decipher it,
 But this is such a Text, it seems to dround,
 Like the *Samaritan* in Oyl, that wound
 That plung'd in blood, and makes us reenjoy
 A stately Rome, from ruinated Troy:
 Here's *Hercules*, and *Hydra*, t'other neck,
 Did treason dare, once more to blaze in Smeck.
 Which providence prevent, but if my bounds
 Be to pledge destinyes in blood, and wounds,
 Might I but dare to kisse my Sov'raignes cup,
 Should death fill brimmers, I would drink 'um up.

THO. HENSHAW,

Fellow of A. S. C.

